

NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, PROPRIETOR.

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AMUSEMENTS TO-MORROW EVENING.

- BOWERY THEATRE, Bowery.—An Ounce of Interest on Hand.
FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, Twenty-fourth street.—MARRIAGE FOR MONEY.—PATRY BY CLATTER.
GLOBE THEATRE, 7th Broadway.—VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT, &c.—DAYS AND NIGHTS.—KERO.
WOODS THEATRE, 22d st., between 5th and 6th av.—THE POOR'S REVENGE.
BOOTH'S MUSEUM, Broadway, corner 25th st.—Performances every afternoon and evening.
OLYMPIC THEATRE, Broadway.—THE DRAMA OF HONOR.
NIBLO'S GARDEN, Broadway.—THE SPECTACLE OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF RICHARD THE THIRD.
WALLACK'S THEATRE, Broadway and 13th street.—ROMANCE AND REALITY.
LISA EDWIN'S THEATRE, 720 Broadway.—FLUTO.—LEONARD'S SEQUESTERS.
FOURTH STREET THEATRE (Theatre Francaise).—BODDY'S GULLS.
NEW YORK STADT THEATRE, 45 Bowery.—GERMAN OPERA.—LOHENGIN.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE, corner of 8th av. and 23d st.—LA PERICHOLE.
MRS. F. B. CONWAY'S PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn.—POME.
GLOBE THEATRE, Brooklyn (formerly Hooley's).—YACHTING.
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTREL HALL, 65 Broadway.—BAYONA'S ROYAL JAPANESE TROUPE.
RYAN'S NEW OPERA HOUSE, 22d st., between 5th and 6th av.—NEBO MINSTREL HALL.
TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE, 30 Bowery.—YACHTING ENTERTAINMENT.
THEATRE COMIQUE, 54 Broadway.—COMIC VOCALISM.—NEBO ACTS, &c.
NEW YORK GLOBE, Fourteenth street.—SONNETS IN THE KING'S CONTOUR, &c.
NEW YORK MUSEUM OF ANATOMY, 616 Broadway.—DISSECTION AND ART.
DR. KAHN'S ANATOMICAL MUSEUM, 74 Broadway.—DISSECTION AND ART.

QUADRUPLE SHEET.

New York, Sunday, April 9, 1871.

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A REGULAR THUNDER STORM "away up in Maine" on Friday night last. Spring is coming, and March winds and April showers bring forth the May flowers.

THE HOLY FATHER at Rome is not in a situation to share fully in the Christian rejoicing of this Easter Sunday in New York, but our devoted Catholics should only the more fervently remember him in their prayers for his peaceful deliverance from his present troubles.

SENATOR FENTON has been snubbed again in the New York Custom House appointments. Can these wrongs be righted short of the organization of a third party? Perhaps not; and perhaps Fenton is now within reach of Tammany Hall, with his followers at his back. Who knows?

THE LENTEN SEASON is over, and we may expect to witness in consequence this week a decline in the prices of fish, and unusually good houses at our theatres and other places of amusement. After the fastings and self-denials of the forty days of Lent it is perfectly natural that this reaction should follow, and it is perfectly proper, too, within a reasonable margin.

GOVERNOR GEARY has struck at the root of the coal conspiracy in Pennsylvania. He has issued writs of quo warranto against the railroads to show cause why their charters should not be forfeited. They violated them by raising the price of freightage from two to six dollars per ton, and it is very insufficient cause they can show why they should not be forfeited after so gross a disregard of their provisions.

THE SENTENCE OF CHADWICK, the alleged bond alterer, in Brooklyn, to ten years in the Albany Penitentiary is a blow that falls most heavily on the interesting family circle that centered about the criminal. The sentence upon the guilty man recalls upon the innocent; but it is not in the power of impartial justice to save one while it condemns the other. Chadwick's greatest crime is not in altering notes, but in bringing such anguish and shame upon his wife and children.

THE SERENADE TO SENATOR MORTON in Washington last evening by his Indiana friends was the occasion for promulgating the doctrines, principles and policy of the republican party now and in the future. The Senator, Vice President Colfax, Colonel Forney and several others made speeches, which may be considered as "official," and President Grant was present to give greater authority to the utterances. The democratic party was severely arraigned, the administration of President Grant was highly eulogized and the future of the republican party gloriously depicted. The first gun of the campaign of '72 was fired, and it produced a very stirring report.

Easter Sunday.

On the morning of happy, holy Easter, 1871, the HERALD salutes its readers. This morning the Christian world commemorates the resurrection of the Saviour of mankind. While thousands upon thousands of eloquent tongues are telling the story of the cross, and while millions upon millions of worshippers are bowing before the symbol which recalls to memory the sufferings of the God-man, and amid humiliation and sorrow, rejoicing in the fruits of His victory, we wish our readers all the joys, present and prospective, which the Christian religion offers. Holy, happy Easter! after Christmas, the most joyous festival of the Christian year—in the estimation of many more joyous than Christmas itself—why should we not rejoice in thee? If history be all a fable, let not history include the birth, work, death and resurrection of the Man of Nazareth. These, after all, constitute the life and hope of the Christian world. We cling to that life. We cannot afford to dispense with that hope.

"Good news and glad tidings to all mankind"—the burden of ancient prophecy, the burden of the song of the angels, the burden of gospel teaching—is to all of us "vanity and vexation of spirit." If the Christ did not rise from the dead and in due time ascend to His Father and our Father, "according to the Scriptures," it is a proud thing for Christianity—and the NEW YORK HERALD, as the great religious organ of the New World, is proud to record the fact—that in the year of our Lord 1871 on the Continent of America the Christian faith rules, and that in all its departments the United States—the great, growing, controlling Power of the future—does homage to Easter Sunday and despises not the time-honored Easter holidays. Among our many characteristics as a great people not the least significant is that which marks us out before the world as religious and Christian in the broad and truly catholic sense. Our religious reports of to-morrow will be convincing proof to the Christian nations of the world that the American people are, though not narrow, not sectarian, not dogmatic, yet faithfully and lovingly attached to historic Christianity. Romanists, Episcopalians, Lutherans, Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists will be found to have paid a common attention to, as well as revealed a common sympathy for, the grand Christian memory of the time—the resurrection of our Lord. It is a pride to us to think that our republican institutions have so nobly conserved the Christian element. It is a lesson to all men everywhere that Christianity possesses within itself sufficient vitality to enable it to get along, even to thrive and prosper, without State aid, State patronage, State protection, State control.

In the olden times Easter Sunday was unquestionably a day of greater ceremony than now. Just as the Lenten season, with its rigorous exactions, was more faithfully observed than the Lenten season is now, so the Easter festival, with its little liberties and licenses, was more intensely enjoyed. "No fasting, no feasting," is an ancient but truthful proverb. The hard, mercantile, money-loving, money-seeking spirit of the times has told here as elsewhere. Now we have no time for fasting. We have a little time for feasting. In these matters, however, it is satisfactory to know that we are not worse than our neighbors.

The history of Easter goes back to a very early period. The first record we have of it is in connection with a difference which arose between the Churches of the East and the West. The Eastern Churches kept their feast on the same day on which the Jews kept their Passover, which was on the 14th of Nisan. The Western Churches, remembering that our Lord's resurrection took place on Sunday, kept their festival on the Sunday following the 14th of Nisan. The one party was desirous to make the Easter festival take the place of the Jewish Passover. The other—the Western—was desirous to draw a distinction between themselves and the Jews. The Eastern Church claimed the practice of St. Philip and St. John. The Western Church claimed the practice of St. Peter and St. Paul. In the year of our Lord 325 the Council of Nice, the first great Council of the Church ordained that "everywhere the great feast of Easter should be observed upon one and the same day, and that not the day of the Jewish Passover but, as had been generally observed, the Sunday afterwards." The British people were the last to yield to this authority of the Council; but by and by the central authority prevailed, and the practice became uniform. In the year 664 a Council was held at Whitby, England, and from that date we hear of no further trouble regarding the day. Easter may be regarded as the pivot of all the movable feasts and fasts throughout the year. The nine Sundays before and the eight Sundays following are all dependent upon it.

In different countries and in different times the customs have differed. In all countries, however, and in all times, Easter has been regarded as at once the most solemn and the most joyous of the Christian festivals. The rising of the sun on Easter morning was hailed with demonstrations of joy. At an early hour the churches were filled, mass was celebrated, catechumens were baptized, slaves were liberated and criminals not committed for heinous offences were pardoned. During Easter week all public shows and games, the theatre and the circus included, were forbidden; Jews and Pagans were compelled to conform to the law's requirements, and almost all legal and other business was suspended. It was, in fact, a jubilee season—a universal joy. In Rome the Easter celebration has always been grand and imposing. To-day the Pope, after having been carried in state from the neighboring palace of the Vatican, will take his place on the *Sedia Gestatoria*, his vestments blazing with gold and his head adorned with the triple crown—the symbol of spiritual and temporal sovereignty and of the union of both; and surrounded with all the pomp and splendor which the Roman Church so well knows how to use he will officiate at mass in the greatest religious temple which the world has yet known. All over the Christian world, particularly in the Catholic and Episcopal Churches, Rome will be seen in miniature. In Great Britain Easter brings holidays to members of Parliament, to the judges on the bench, to the

students at the universities, to the boys at the public schools. In some of these latter particulars it must be confessed that on this side of the Atlantic, notwithstanding our unquestioned religious tendencies, we lag a little behind. We are a young people, however, and like all other young people we have a right to be excused if our activities are somewhat impatient of old-fashioned restraints. We call the world to witness that we do not despise Easter, but we cannot afford to idle during Easter week.

As we have said already in this article, our columns to-day and to-morrow will be sufficient proof that, young and active and impatient as we are, we have not wholly let go the old anchor. Christianity is a real, vital thing in the midst of us. If it must be admitted to be something different from the Christianity of some of the older peoples, it must also be conceded that it shows no discouraging signs of decay. Again, on this Easter morn, we wish all our readers joy.

The Situation in France—A Sad Easter Yorn.

There is very little change in the aspect of affairs in France. The glorious Easter morning—a day of joy, hope and of glory for man and to humanity—opens on scenes of blood and carnage in that historic land. Her sons still clutch the throats of their brothers. The would-be paricides of their country hesitate not to strangle each other in the streets, around the fireside and before the very altars, in the places which are already reeking with the hearts' blood of the nation.

The telegram reports which we publish to-day are dated in Paris, Versailles and London, from the hour of eight o'clock Saturday evening to the moment of three o'clock this morning. The advices which they present have been anticipated, in all their essential points of news, by the special telegram despatches which were published in the HERALD yesterday morning. They reiterate the very sad intelligence. We are assured of the occurrence and continuance of "terrible" fighting at Neuilly, of barricades, and of a "rain" of shot and shells in and around Paris. The very designation of the respective contestants is becoming confused. We hear of the Versailles army, of the Nationalists, of the Assemblists and of the insurgents, as if in mark of the gradations which prevail downward in the classification of the soldiers from those who fight in behalf of the centre of authority in Versailles to those of the second grade in demoralization who resist it in Paris. The lives of the women and children are endangered on all sides. The Nationalists hold the Place Vendôme; they are in the court yard of the Palais Royal and in front of the Church of the Madeleine, in Paris. Insurgent Nationalists are behind the street barricades of the capital. They use the mitrailleuse to repel the fierce onslaughts of the Versailles army. The Versailles men feint to cover an advance. The insurgents are obstinate. Paris presents a lethargic appearance at some points, as if an incipient and partial paralysis had commenced to steal over her fevered and bewildered brain. In Marseilles the most prominent of the insurgent leaders have been thrown into prison. Thiers announces government successes. Food is again short in Paris. This materialist necessity may be a Providential visitation for unhappy France. Marshal MacMahon has been commissioned to the chief command of all the government forces of the republic. In this we can almost perceive a glimmer of hope for the nation. Generals Ladmirault, Cissey and Dubarrier rally around the aged chief. This is still more hopeful. Municipal elections are to be held. This is better still. France still lives. The light of life has not yet been extinguished in her brain. She may be enabled to prove her destructibility by the use of these constitutional agencies. We hope so sincerely, and hope it in the name of this great republic of civilization, the United States of America. May unhappy France close her eyes on these terrible and dismal scenes this very present Easter Day, and attune her tongue again to the chant of the saving strain of the Resurgam.

The Grand Row at Albany.

The flitic art asserts itself all round the line. Even the classic Assembly Chamber in Albany, where peace and wisdom make their favorite abode, has been debauched by the orgies of the prize ring. Mr. Weed, of Clinton, whose firm opposition to the more outrageous jobs of his democratic friends has excited the admiration of honest men of all parties, and the ire of the ruffianly portion of the majority in the Assembly, was brutally attacked and beaten by Jim Irving in the Assembly Hall on Friday evening. Weed has been under a ban for some time, because of his earnest and honest opposition to various measures. He has certainly displayed a boldness that deserves recognition—boldness not for daring the personal assaults of individual members, but for facing the political death that the democratic majority is likely to record him. He has been a grand old stumbling-block in the way of jobbery, and we hope that the democratic ring will not be able to grub Weed up.

If such assaults as this that Jim Irving made upon Weed, and that which Garret Davis and Ben Butler made upon each other—one with his eye and the other with his tongue—are permissible in our legislative halls, why should the police authorities busy themselves to quell the proposed Mace-Coburn fight? The latter is to be conducted according to the accepted rules of the ring. The two men are to have no mean advantage of weight or muscle, nor are they allowed to strike below the belt. Jim Irving is a man of war, and so took unfair advantage of Weed, who is a man of peace. Butler, with his terrible eye and cutting tongue, took a mean advantage of Mr. Davis, who has no eye to speak of and no tongue formidable for anything but its length. These two—Butler and Irving—struck below the belt, speaking metaphorically. They took unfair advantage of their opponents and struck foul blows. Neither of them would be tolerated in the prize ring nor anywhere else outside of Congress and the Legislature. We advise the police, therefore, to cease their tracking of Mace and Coburn and to further the good work of training our brutal legislators to a knowledge of fair play by making arrangements for Coburn and Mace to fight their match on the floors of the Assembly Chamber,

Secularism Bigotry.

Nothing can be more distressing to the truly Christian heart in this enlightened age, and what we are sometimes pleased to call it, highly civilized and progressive age, when in every department of human life men are coming to understand and appreciate each other more fully than ever, than to see so many and such striking evidences of sectarian bigotry as our own country and the present day reveal. It is passing strange that our Christian civilization should find its hardest work in rounding off the rough edges of churches and sects, creeds and catechisms, and that they should be the last to yield to its benign and softening influences. And yet it is not altogether strange. The Church is true to its historic record in this regard. It has always been bigoted and narrow-minded and exclusive. We may go back to its organization among the Jews and trace it all the way through their history and thence along the ages of Christianity to the present, and we shall find that it has been bigoted, persecuting and exclusive to the last degree. There was no salvation for any one outside of the Jewish Church when it had the ascendancy and the keeping of the holy oracles; so that nothing could be more disagreeable to a Jewish ear than to hear some of the truths which were uttered by Jesus of Nazareth when He was on Earth. He taught that temples and mountains where men had worshipped for ages were no more sacred than any other place, and that the time would come when the true worshipper anywhere should worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for God is a spirit, and must be so worshipped. The lapse of centuries has hardly blotted out from the Jewish mind this idea of their exclusive sacredness. It is, however, coming to be understood and taught by the chief men most learned among the Israelites all over our own land, and they recognize goodness and truth and virtue and uprightness in men who do not subscribe to their creed nor worship at their altars.

In Christian times the same exclusiveness, and monopoly of virtue and goodness and truth, is manifested in the Church's history, and men have been driven into rocks and mountains and dens and caves of the Earth to escape persecution, because they claimed the right to worship God in their own way, and many of them yielded up their lives rather than their opinions and this right of conscience. The day of death for religious opinions has happily passed, and we had fondly hoped that the day of persecution had gone with it into oblivion. But it would seem that we were mistaken. It still lives deep seated in the heart of the sects and denominations, and when each cannot tear the other's throat they will quarrel among themselves. Here, a Christian minister is disciplined by his ecclesiastical superiors because he dared to preach the Gospel by invitation in a church and to a congregation not of his own denomination. There, another minister is called to the bar of public and ecclesiastical opinion because he believes that while water may be excellent to cleanse the body it has no regenerating properties by which the soul may be purified. Yonder still another minister in Massachusetts or Rhode Island has been excommunicated from further fellowship with his denomination because he dared to recognize the image of Christ in men and women who had not been immersed as he had been, and he ate and drank with them in commemoration of the Lord's death until He come. The instances of this sectarian bigotry in this country and in this age are numerous, and it is a shame to our civilization, as well as to our common Christianity, to be obliged to admit it. The cases of Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., of our own city, and of Mr. Chesney, of Chicago, and of the Baptist minister to whom we refer, are so potent and prominent examples of ministerial persecution that the facts need no recital. It is a sad condition of things, indeed, that a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ must yield obedience first to Church rubrics, and afterward to the Saviour to whom his first and last and perpetual and supreme allegiance is due. But this sectarian bigotry is not confined exclusively to Protestants. We had an inkling of it recently in the outcry against Father Farrell, pastor of St. Joseph's Roman Catholic church in this city, whose course respecting the temporal power of the Holy Father was condemned in such harsh terms. Happily, however, for himself, and for the Church to which he belongs, his motives seem to have been better understood by his ecclesiastical superiors than were those of his Protestant brethren by theirs, and the Church and the community here have been saved from the scandal which the others have created.

Leaving the ministerial ranks, however, we begin now to find the same spirit of bigotry and narrow-mindedness reaching down to the laity, and excommunicating a man from church fellowship who dared to sing one of the grandest old Christian songs ever written, and in our opinion as fully inspired as any that David ever wrote. What must that "sweet singer of Israel" think as, from his throne in the heavenly land, he beholds the squabbles of a Christian Church and denomination here over the relative merits of his poetry and Bishop Heber's? For a missionary meeting our own choice would be decidedly in favor of the Bishop, but for other gatherings we might prefer the King's psalms. But we certainly would not have them at all in the metre of the Reformed Presbyterian Church; we should prefer to chant them in the original English. But of all the petty persecutions of religious bigots this seems to us to be the silliest and most stupid. "For why," asks the Apostle Paul, "am I judged of another man's conscience?" Why cannot George H. Stuart be allowed as his peers the same liberty and right as Paul claimed for himself and allowed to others? Why, unless this age and the Presbyterian Church is more bigoted and blind than any that have preceded them. Protestants claim the indwelling of the Holy Spirit in human hearts; but they deny (in this instance at least) the inspiration of that Spirit thus enshrined. They plead loudly and eloquently for freedom of conscience, the right of private judgment in matters of faith, and all that; but we obtain glimpses from time to time of another spirit dwelling within them; and we feel it to be our duty, as leaders of thought and conservators of peace and order in the Church, as well as in the State, to protest against such petty bigotry and the

increase of such scandals in the body of the Lord Jesus Christ. "How good and pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon Aaron's beard, even to the skirts of his clothing." It permeates and anoints everything it touches. "As the dew of Hermon and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion; for there"—in the unity of Christian brotherhood—"the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore." This is what we want the churches to obtain, and this is why we labor for it as we do.

In striking contrast to this sectarian littleness how refreshing is the example of Christian courtesy and church fraternization which will take place in Brooklyn on this peaceful Easter day. Last week the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Messiah was burned to the ground, and as soon as the trustees of the Simpson Methodist Episcopal Church, their neighbors in Clermont avenue, could be brought together, the use of their edifice was tendered to the houseless church for alternate Sabbath services. The offer was promptly accepted in the spirit of love and gratitude, and to-day the two congregations will meet together around the Lord's table to receive from the hands of the Protestant Episcopal minister the emblems of the death of their common Lord, and to rejoice in the one universal salvation. This is as it should be, and we take pleasure in giving the fact our heartiest approval.

The Fruits of Holy Week.

The lessons of devotion flowing from the "week of sorrows" are so many that we must look more to their grand general meaning than to their individuality. There is, perhaps, in the popular regard of this Holy Week too much of the idea that it was, as it were, an automaton sacrifice, wherein the God-man endured a prescribed agony and then arose triumphant over sin and death. This, however, is not the light in which it should be regarded. There is a subtle undercurrent, pregnant with deep significance, which murmurs its solemn tones through it all. This is the heroic nature of the Passion, which, even looked on as purely human, places it above all other of the heroisms of man. Men die for ideas, for country, for religion; but the supreme idea of an existence, to be butchered for all men and for all time, that only the immortal of humanity might be saved, is a spectacle which challenges the reverence of Atheist and Israelite alike. Scapular Roman sentimentalizes over that agony in the Garden of Olives upon Gethsemane. He says, weakly and insufficiently, "there is always with great minds a moment of sad retrospect when the image of death presents itself for the first time." Let us look upon that torture of the spirit in the dim twilight of the dying day beneath the shadows of the olive trees. Let us recall the bitter words uttered at the Last Supper, showing the supernatural foreknowledge of His doom—"But I say unto you I will henceforth drink this fruit of the vine until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom." We see now all the weakness of the man warring against the assertion of the God. Bent upon the earth, His soul tortured by the struggle, the weakness cries, "O, my Father! if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." The agony proceeds, but the God triumphs, and He cries, "Thy will be done." Here is the point to be grasped in all our struggles. The victory of the godly must, even through the sweat of blood, be written high above the frailty of the flesh. The soul saddens and mourns as it sees the dread Lord led in chains, scoffed at, spat upon, reviled and scourged. A sense of agony absorbs the heart when it hearkens to that lone cry upon the upright cross, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" and the tentative anguish is at last relieved when the story gives breath to the final stately triumph of the God—"Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." Down to the rock-hollowed tomb we follow Him, and the work of evil seems accomplished. The gibing Jews are filled with scorn because the Truth has perished, and a guard of Roman soldiers watch before His tomb. Can we not avert our eyes from the miracle of the morrow that will spread the Word on snowy angel wings over the world, and gather our lessons from the life and death alone? The life we can, in its severe simplicity, parallel with the trials and dangers, the temptations and agonies which beset us. In the death the inevitable fate of humanity is before us. They tell us to develop the same unflinching front to adversity, the undying boldness for the good and beautiful, the unyielding majesty of the spirit which follows the line of duty even unto death. No wonder the Roman Church drapes its temples, sings its tenebrous services of shadows, and strips its altars in deference to the Passion of our Lord. Others of less demonstrative creeds may content themselves with the shadows of the spirit, but all who believe in the saving grace of Christ's sacrifice feel the solemn presage of the week just merged in the light of this Eastern morn.

The Jewish Week of the Passover.

On Thursday last began the important week to our fellow citizens of the Hebrew race and faith known as the week of the Passover. Thursday (the day of the Passover) was the day of preparation; Friday (which was also Good Friday to our Christian churches) was celebrated as the day of the Passover, when the paschal lamb, a lamb of the first year, without blemish, was slain and its blood sprinkled on the doorposts and lintels of the Jewish houses. This custom is not much observed in America, nor in large cities anywhere. The use of leaven or leavened bread is absolutely forbidden during the Passover. Saturday (the Jewish Sabbath) has little local significance, but is a special Sabbath among the Hebrews as connected with Passover week. Yesterday, in the Temple Emanuel, Dr. Adler spoke of the coming of this festival in the spring, and of the feast of Tabernacles, as abounding each in instructive lessons to the faithful. How glorious the inalienable rights of civil and religious liberty which here in the United States belong to all our people, and to the stranger within our gates of every creed and clime! What a happy resting place is here for the children of Jacob after the thousands of years of persecutions which they of their faith and race have suffered in every other country on the globe!

The Gospel According to Beecher.

There was an impression both in and out of Henry Ward Beecher's church that the eloquent gentleman had little or no orthodox faith; that his religion was much of that poetic but sceptical character which Renan entertained; that he had departed from the Puritan faith of his fathers, and that he was a more proacher of morality for the sake of the handsome income he receives. Indeed, it is known that respectable members of his congregation, of long standing, do not believe in the God-head or divinity of Christ in the sense that orthodox believers do, and, if at all, only in that sort of poetic and mystified sense in which the modern sceptics of the Renan and Strauss school view the Saviour of the world. These same sceptics, who have sat under the teaching of Mr. Beecher for years, claim, too, that their pastor is as much an unbeliever as they are unbelievers. They attend the services at Plymouth church and pay their pew rents regularly because they are fascinated with Mr. Beecher's eloquence and because it is respectable and fashionable to belong to some church, but speak with pity, at the same time, of the credulity of evangelical Christians. Doubtless there are others of the Plymouth church congregation who do believe and have a different view of their pastor; still few people have regarded Mr. Beecher's preaching as soundly orthodox. It must be said, too, that the reverend gentleman has always touched the Godhead of Christ, the sacrificial death of the Saviour, miracles and the resurrection very gingerly.

The report of Mr. Beecher's lecture in the lecture room of Plymouth church on the sufferings of Christ, which was published in the HERALD yesterday, places the renowned preacher in a different light. Here he appears as a square orthodox Christian. No Puritan of the old school, Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopalian or any other of the evangelical Protestant sects but can endorse what he says. Nor is he equivocal in the least. They can embrace Brother Beecher now in brotherly love and unity. We do not know whether he has always been sound and the world mistaken, or if this be a new departure in Christian doctrine and life. It might be interesting to know this as a matter of religious history; but it will be a satisfaction to Christian communities to learn that such a distinguished preacher has turned up all right at last. "The glory of the cross," he says, "is that the incarnated God lives on Earth and suffers in death to bring within the reach of the lowest the real divine nature. We believe in His name and in the statement that He is very God." After this confession of faith let it not be said that Mr. Beecher is unorthodox. It ought to satisfy those who hold to the broadest evangelism. We regard this open confession as important, considering the position Mr. Beecher occupies, and hope those of his congregation who have run into scepticism, thinking they were going with their pastor, will be properly admonished and instructed.

The German Peace Jubilee.

The grand and impressive religious services in our Christian churches this day in commemoration of the resurrection of the Saviour of mankind will be followed to-morrow by the great German Peace Jubilee. In many respects this will be the most imposing and interesting civic procession ever witnessed on Manhattan Island, not only in the numbers and variety of the regiments, squadrons, companies and societies that will participate in it, in the holiday glitter of war and in the more glorious illustrations of peace, but in view of the unification of the great German family of European States and of the revival of the German empire as the central commanding Power of the Continent, with the restoration of peace between Germany and France.

This day last year France, under the Emperor Napoleon, was the arbiter of Europe and had the prestige of the first military Power of the world, and the unity of Germany was an unsettled and doubtful problem. To-day, prostrate, exhausted, shorn of her strength and of her whole Rhine frontier of last July, including her largest frontier cities and her strongest fortresses, and saddled with a German indemnity of a thousand millions of dollars, we find "poor France." Not only so, but with her fairest provinces laid waste and reduced to the verge of famine, we find her beautiful capital, the pride of the civilized world, in the hands of a body of insurgents fighting for the old republic of the Jacobins. These things do not enter into this day's German celebration. They have finished their war with France, and they celebrate the restoration of peace in connection with the grand results to Germany.

They celebrate the reclamation of the Rhine—"Old Father Rhine!"—the free, the German Rhine; they celebrate the reunion of the North and South German States under the strong confederation of the German empire; they celebrate the treaty of Versailles, which makes Germany the arbiter of Europe and which gives to the Germans the wide world over something of the political prestige gained by the fatherland from the late terrible war, commenced by Napoleon upon a shallow pretext, but ended by Bismarck in "the rectification of the Rhine frontier." All this and more will be embraced in this German peace jubilee. They do not rejoice over the misfortunes of France, but over the grand results of strength, prestige and unity from the war which peace gives to Germany and to the German race and name, and to German science and literature, and German institutions and German security, peace, progress and prosperity. In this view this German peace jubilee in this city will be an event long to be remembered.

THE COAL MINERS' RIOT.—The coal question has assumed a very serious and, for a time, a very dangerous aspect in the vicinity of Soranton. The right of labor to employ itself and the right of capital to use it has been assailed in a fashion which led to bloodshed. This is a matter which neither law nor the safety of society can tolerate. The conduct of the recalcitrant miners in prohibiting, by violence, other workmen from resuming labor in the mines cannot be justified. It is fortunate that Pennsylvania has a Governor just now who comprehends the situation; and while, in his recent proclamation, he condemns the violence of the rioters and calls on the militia to put them down, he at the same time protests against the violation of their charters on the part of